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AMSTERDAM: THE HERRING TOWER.

AMSTERDAM WAS for nearly two centuries the centre of exchange for Europe. Its history may be briefly told: it was unknown before the latter end of the thirteenth century; it first acquired a commercial character about the year 1370; its opulence and splendour increased from its capture by the Hollanders, in 1578, until its invasion by the French in 1795; its importance then declined, till the revolution of 1813, since which period its commerce has increased very considerably. Nevertheless, it is again said to be on the decline, owing to the more favourable circumstances of the rival cities Rotterdam, and Hamburg. No city in Europe, however, possesses so large a portion of disposable capital as Amsterdam, and hence, it continues to be a place of the first commercial consequence.

Amsterdam is situate in Lat. $52^{\circ} 25' N$. Lon. $4^{\circ} 40' E$. at the confluence of the rivers Amstel and Y, or Wye, near the southwestern extremity of the Zuyder Zee. It ranks as the capital of the northern division

of the Netherlands, as it formerly did of the republic of the Seven United Provinces.

The city extends in the form of a semi-circle on the southern bank of the Y, which is its diameter; on the land side it was surrounded by a wall and bastions, with a broad and deep fosse: the wall is dismantled, but the bastions still remain, and are used as sites for corn-mills. The Amstel, on entering the city, divides into two branches, from each of which issue numerous canals, forming a collection of islands, connected with each other by 290 bridges. That part of the river Y which forms the port of Amsterdam is guarded by a double row of piles, with openings at intervals for the admission of vessels: these openings are always closed at night. The deeply laden ships lie outside the piles, in a place called the Laag. During the period of Dutch prosperity, a hundred vessels have entered the port in one tide, and six or seven hundred were to be seen there at anchor together. On the opposite side of the Y are the locks by which ships enter the great

canal, which is carried thence, in a straight line, northwards to the Texel; thus preventing the risk and delay of a voyage through the Zuyder Zee. This canal, which has been recently finished, is 120 feet wide at the surface, and twenty-five deep. It was constructed at an expense of 1,000,000⁴ sterling.

"The canals with which the city is intersected, though extremely convenient and ornamental, are attended with one very disagreeable consequence: from the stagnation of the water, and the collection of offal of every kind discharged into them, they send forth effluvia equally offensive and unwholesome, which all the characteristic cleanliness of the inhabitants has not been able wholly to remove. Mills have been erected on their banks, to promote a circulation of air by ventilation; others, called mud-mills, from the purpose to which they are applied, are also used to raise and remove the slime which the river deposits largely.

"In consequence of the badness of the foundation, the whole city is built on piles driven endways into the mud; a circumstance which occasioned the witty remark of Erasmus, on visiting it, "that he was in a town where the inhabitants lived, like rooks, on the tops of trees." This circumstance also occasioned the restriction of coaches to men of consequence and physicians, who paid a tax for the privilege of using them; the magistrates conceiving that the rolling of the wheels produced a dangerous concussion of the piles.

"The streets in general are narrow, with the exception of a few which present a fine appearance, and are adorned with spacious mansions. The principal square is the Dam, in front of the palace; besides which there are three others, where markets and an annual fair are held. The palace, formerly the Stadthouse, or town hall, is considered to be the most magnificent building in Holland. It forms an oblong square, 282 feet in length, 235 in breadth, and 116 in height, besides the tower, which is 67 feet high. Within is a spacious hall, 150 feet long, 60 broad, and 100 high.

"The royal museum contains, besides other curiosities, a fine collection of paintings, chiefly of the Flemish school. It is said that the emperor Alexander offered the sum of 30,000⁴ for one alone.

"The exchange is a large but plain building, 230 feet in length and 130 in breadth: it is capable of containing 4,500 persons; and is divided into thirty-six compartments, for the transaction of the various kinds of commercial business carried on there."

The places of public worship are not of striking architectural elegance. The total number of churches is, 10 reformed Dutch, 22 Catholic, one French reformed, one English presbyterian, three Lutheran, one Anabaptist, one Walloon, one Greek, and seven

synagogues. The old church of St. Nicholas has some fine painted windows. The new church of St. Catherine's contains a splendid monument of white marble, erected to the memory of admiral de Ruyter. The Portuguese synagogue is said to have been built in imitation of the temple of Solomon. The churches of the established religion, which is the reformed or Calvinistic, are distinguished by being the only places of worship which are allowed the use of bells. Many of these edifices are embellished with paintings of great value. A recent tourist is inclined to class the churches, in point of size and height, with the tower and spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, and in point of general appearance in the architecture, to St. Mary's, or the New Church, in the Strand.

"The management of the penitentiaries is peculiarly worthy of notice. The number of convicts is great, not because crime is more common, but because the punishment of death is seldom inflicted; imprisonment for various periods, in most cases, supplies its place. In this place of confinement, no one is suffered to be idle.

"The workhouse is intended for minor offences; some of which are not recognised by our laws. Husbands may send their wives thither on a charge of drunkenness or extravagance; and they are themselves liable to punishment for the same offences. Young women, also, even of good families, are sometimes sent thither as to a school of rigorous reformation.

"The charitable institutions are numerous, and generally well conducted. The hospital for lunatics is among the earliest of those in which gentler modes of treatment were substituted for severity and strict coercion."

Amsterdam boasts of a fair proportion of literary and scientific societies. The principal of these is the Felix Meritis. It has a public Botanic Garden, and a Royal Academy of Liberal Arts. It has also "naval schools, wherein children of common seamen when properly recommended, are educated gratuitously; as are the sons of officers, on the payment of a small pension. All are treated alike; and almost every officer who has elevated the naval character of his country has received his education here."

Amsterdam has an abundance of public walks; for its canals are bordered by rows of large trees of oak, elm, and linden, not inferior to those of the Boombijes of Rotterdam. Little can be said for the salubrity of these walks, from the consequences already explained.*

The population of Amsterdam, by the latest accounts, amounts to about 235,000: of these about 48,000 are Catholics, 24,000 Jews, and the rest Protestants of various sects.†

* Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. vii.
† Ency. Brit. 7th edit. 1832.

THE EFFECT OF CRITICISM ON AUTHORS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT declared (and who could suspect the Author of *Waverley* of telling an untruth) that, for the last thirty years, he never read a review of any of his works, and never minded the "toothy critics by the score" a jot. Criticism fell off Samuel Johnson like rain off a duck's wing. The learned Bentley felt not the sting of Pope. And Burns scarcely knew what criticism was: he cared not for it, he "rhymed for fun."

But there is another class of authors on whom severe criticism has laid very frequently too severe a blow: these were writers who were over sensitive,—the least thing which would have merely twined others, entered into their hearts, the spear pierced "helmet, man, and shield."

Pope, when young, bore an immense enmity against the critics; he saw the future pain he would receive, and soon commenced showing the world that he was never to be brow-beaten.

In 1711, was published the *Essay on Criticism*, in which several almost concealed allusions were made against John Dennis, the celebrated critic of the day. Dennis was greatly annoyed, and called Pope "a little, affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, goodness, humanity, and magnanimity." The pamphlet, says Johnson, is such as rage might be expected to dictate.

Dennis was a cool, lashing critic, who feared neither friend nor foe, and, when provocation was given, laid about right and left at will—with great judgment and knowledge, detecting errors, and exhibiting faults in such a manner as must sadly have galled Pope, who for ever after writhed under the lash of his enemy. Though, says Johnson, he professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Pope lifted now his mighty pen and determined to chastise all critics, and all incapable of replying, with one severe blow—this was about the year 1728—and not long after *The Dunciad* made its appearance. Every one has read the *Dunciad*, and so its plan need not be again repeated. The subject itself had nothing interesting: the poor authors who were so bitterly lashed could not conceal their pain, but printed epigrams and invectives in every newspaper, till the public began to take a warm interest in the debate. Dennis printed a pamphlet, entitled *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, written a long while before, intending it to come out when it should be required; the time was now, so it was immediately published.

Pope now crowed aloud and exulted over his victims; but the least thing vexed and

annoyed him—and he still meditated revenge for "vengeance is sweet;" adding to this, some little provocation which Cibber soon gave, made Pope usher out the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, in which Cibber is sufficiently flogged and then rubbed down with gunpowder.

The author of *The Apology* of course replies, and Pope's indignation is again aroused. Theobald is immediately taken off his place, poor Colley is mounted on the vacant throne, and Osborne is made to contend for the prize among the booksellers. The "shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne;" Johnson observes, "being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dullness of the other." Pope confessed his pain by his anger.

This was the last paper war of Alexander Pope; who appeared content with the bruises he had given, and the pain which these blows had brought.

The next criticism which occasioned the reply of a sensitive author was the review of Grainger's *Tibullus*, in the *Critical Review*, conducted by Smollett: it led to nothing but a mere paper controversy.

The tender mind of Kirke White felt hurt by the notice of his poems in the *Monthly Review*, for February, 1804. He wrote an answer couched in pleasant terms to the reviewers, who, in their address to correspondents, declared that they sympathized with his expostulations.

Keats had a mind in many respects similar to White's; he soared higher as a poet, but in that lofty flight completely lost himself; his verses are unconnected, and almost every other ten lines are upon subjects not at all relating to the story; in fact he seemed to have no story, but wrote on endeavouring to invent one, and in doing that was bewildered in his boundless imagery of glory and bliss. Keats's mind was of the sensitive kind: the least poignant criticism galled and harassed him. When his *Endymion* was published, a lashing review made its appearance in the *Quarterly*, undoubtedly written by a bitter critic, William Gifford, a man imbued with plenty of acrimony, and extensive learning, to which he added nothing of an original kind, so that his knowledge became commonplace without any of those redeeming points which Warburton had to a high degree. This review, in many parts true and clever, was nevertheless uncalled for, and moreover uncivil. Keats felt it bitterly, and this anguish brought on a disease which ended soon after with his life; the greatest injury criticism ever did to literature. On hearing of Keats's death, Shelley wrote the following:

Who killed Johnny Keats,
I said the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly
'T was one of my feats.

The same whip which scourged Keats served to chastise Hazlitt. But Hazlitt's mind was of a more vigorous nature, so that he replied, like Ciber of old, by means of a pamphlet, of which he sold fifteen, (Charles Lamb shrewdly observed), and the *Quarterly* sold some fifteen thousand.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
Authors are partial to their works 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too.

We will now see how the critique in the *Edinburgh Review* of the *Hours of Idleness* preyed on the mind of Lord Byron. This criticism, written by Lord Brougham, was unjust, and, moreover, too severe on the writings of any beginner. Moore speaks thus: "The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those, who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness." * * "A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge? not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks." Mr. Moore proceeds to say, "It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled; but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge." *Moore's Life*, vol. i. p. 206. (Ed. 1832.)

Wrath was visible on the poet's forehead till he had relieved his mind in rhyme: "after the first twenty lines," he said, "he felt himself considerably better;" the day he read the criticism he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner.

The satire he produced was the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which immediately silenced all his enemies and made many of them his friends, without one tithe of the talent and venom of Pope. But Pope had to deal with more troublesome enemies; the enraged Dennis was a legion himself—and the sensitive mind of Pope thought trumphy pamphlets hostile armies. Men did not feel the sting of Byron as critics had felt that of Pope three quarters of a century before. One side surrendered at discretion, the other held their fortress, and played their almost silent guns, which did next to nothing.

Gifford's *Biaviad* and *Maviad* produced the contrary effect on "Thrales' gay widow."

Mrs. Piozzi's account of her revenge is interesting: "I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper at a friend's house, soon after the publication of his poem, sat opposite to him, saw that he was perplexed in the extreme; and, smiling, proposed a glass of wine as a libation to our future good-fellowship. Gifford (she adds) was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together."* This was exceedingly well managed of Mrs. Piozzi, who was a cleverer and shrewder woman than the world have allowed her to be.

The late review in the *Quarterly* of T—'s poems was sufficiently annoying to the author—who laid the severe notice to the critic's enmity and jealousy of the publisher!! (bravo.)

We shall only now take notice of a mean way critics have of receiving presents, under the promise of giving a favourable notice, nothing can be meaner than the conduct of both parties. When Huggins had finished his translation of Ariosto, he sent a fat buck to Smollett, who at that time conducted the *Critical Review*; consequently, the work was highly applauded; but the history of the venison becoming public, Smollett was much abused, and in a future number of the review retracted his applause.

So critics are mean enough to receive, and authors apparently, rich enough to give.

L. T.

MADAGASCAR.

(Continued from page 71.)

THE history of these singular islanders presents a remarkable instance of the successful resistance of a barbarous nation to the more barbarous attempts of civilized foreigners to bring them under their yoke; and, it is, perhaps, the only case, in the history of modern times, in which such resistance has been attended with success. In general, the means employed by the discoverers of new countries have been so superior in every respect to those of the simple tribes, with whom they have had to contend, that the latter have fallen an easy prey to their cruel invaders. Such was the fate of the aborigines of America, of the eastern nations of Asia, and of Southern Africa. But, in Madagascar, every attempt of Europeans to subjugate the natives, and to colonize their island, has been frustrated, and the agents employed either sacrificed by the islanders, or obliged to fly for their lives. This has been, in part, owing to the meagre and inadequate means adopted; but, chiefly, to the extreme jealousy of the natives of their liberty as a nation, and their superior intelligence as to the mode and

* Piozziana, p. 4.

means of defence. We shall now proceed with a short outline of their history.

The source, or origin, from whence the aborigines sprang, is involved in much obscurity, and has occupied the attention of many learned men. Some have supposed that they are descended from the Jews after their dispersion; others, from those Israelites who were left in Egypt after the departure of that people with Moses. Others carry their origin further back, and maintain them to be the descendants of Ham, or some of the Patriarchs immediately after the time of Noah. Many circumstances tend to strengthen the latter opinion. Their mode of life and system of religion are more analogous to those of the patriarchal ages than of the Jews. Like the former, every man is a priest in his own house; there being neither temples nor stated periods of worship; and all their religious rites and numerous sacrifices being purely spontaneous, and like their pastoral mode of life, partaking of the simplicity of patriarchal times. Flacourt, who had an opportunity of judging of their customs and manners before these were in any degree altered by an intercourse with Europeans, makes the following remarks: "These people having had no communication or commerce with the inhabitants of the main land of Ethiopia, on account of their ignorance of navigation, have not been affected by the changes of laws and customs that have been introduced there from time to time; but have adhered to those which were in use in the country from whence they originally came, and which they brought with them when they first landed in Madagascar. Those whom I consider to be the aborigines are the Zafe Ibrahim, or descendants of Abraham, who inhabit the island of St. Mary, and the adjacent lands; inasmuch as, retaining the usage of circumcision, they have no other rites in common with the Mahometans, and are so far from acknowledging Mahomet and his Caliphs, that they look upon them as no better than Caffres and lawless men, with whom they will neither eat, associate, nor contract any alliance. They keep the Sabbath on Saturday and not on Friday like the Moors, and they have no names amongst them similar to those of that people: which makes me think that their ancestors arrived in the isle about the time of the first transmigration of the Jews, or that they are descended from the more ancient families of the Ishmaelites, or from those who might have remained in Egypt after the departure of the children of Israel. They have retained the names of Moses, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and Noah. Of the rest, some may have come from the coast of Ethiopia; but the whites called Zafe Ramini, arrived about 500 years since, and their learned men came there only about 150 years since." (A. D. 1500.)

From a careful consideration of these opinions, and the history of these islanders, we feel inclined to think that the real aborigines are those of an olive complexion, and also the Zafe Ibrahim; the former, who constitute the bulk of the population, being descended from the family of Ham, and the latter descended *collaterally* from Abraham; and that both these having arrived on the island about the same time, kept themselves separate, and so constitute different tribes. Two circumstances concur to give them a *very remote antiquity*: one is that, notwithstanding the numerous herds of cattle they possess, they have never used them for the purpose of bearing burthens: the other is that the aborigines had no idea whatever of *carriages on wheels*. Now, both these are modes of lessening the labours of husbandry so obvious and direct, that had they at any period of their history been acquainted with them, they *could* not have forgotten them, and *would* not have discontinued them. And, had they descended from the Jews subsequent to the captivity in Egypt; their ancestors *must* have been acquainted with them, and consequently would have availed themselves of them.

After the discovery of Madagascar by the Portuguese, they, as well as other Europeans, continued to touch at the island for supplies. In 1540, an attempt was made by the former to establish a colony in the province of Anossi. They continued but a short time, for the natives became jealous of their settlement, and massacred every one of them. Soon after, the Dutch made a similar attempt at the Bay of Antongil, but they too were driven out in a very short time. The next attempt was made by the French, in 1642, when Cardinal Richelieu granted a patent to Captain Rivault, giving him an exclusive right to send ships and forces, to establish a colony, plantation, and commerce, at Madagascar. Other merchants having joined him, the first East India Company was established. Pronis and Fouquenbury were appointed governors, and sent with twelve men to await the arrival of further reinforcements. They landed at St. Lucia, where they found 18 Frenchmen, part of the crew of a vessel that had been wrecked. In April following, 70 more joined them, who arrived very opportunely to prevent an attempt planned by the natives to cut off the colony. They now endeavoured to maintain terms with the islanders by presents to the chiefs, but their suspicions were excited, and the settlers found it impossible to keep them permanently in good humour. Every opportunity of annoying the invaders was eagerly embraced: six of them were destroyed in crossing a river; seven more in collecting ebony; and, to complete their discomfiture, a fever broke out, which in one month destroyed a third of the garrison, and drove the re-

mainder to the peninsula of Tholaugare, about ten leagues from St. Lucia. Here they built a fort, called Fort Dauphin. It stood in a healthy situation, 150 feet above the level of the sea, and commanded a fine roadstead; and this spot formed the chief settlement of the French in their various attempts to colonize Madagascar.

Fouquenbergh soon after returned to France, leaving Pronis governor; a weak-minded man, who neither won the good will of the natives, nor maintained his authority over his own troops. The latter rebelled and laid him in irons. He remained a prisoner six months, when he was released by the arrival of a French ship. His first act was to sell to the governor of the Isle of France, a great number of the natives in the service of the colony, amongst whom were sixteen women of the Lehavohitz race, esteemed sacred in Madagascar. This act rendered the French so unpopular, that the East India Company found it necessary to supersede Pronis, and Flacourt was appointed to succeed him. He arrived at Fort Dauphin in 1648, and was well received by the chiefs; but by aiming at the subjugation of the whole island he soon lost their affection and confidence. He dispatched eighty Frenchmen and a large number of armed natives to lay waste the most beautiful districts in the neighbourhood of Fort Dauphin. He also sent detachments to explore the interior of the island, and obtain a knowledge of the customs and manners of the inhabitants. His narrative was published on his return to France, in 1655, and is full of valuable and interesting details. He was recalled to give an account of his conduct, and having satisfied the Company he set sail again in 1658; but in doubling the Cape, a storm arose, which wrecked the vessel, and Flacourt, and all on board, perished. His fate would not have been much preferable had he reached Madagascar, for it appears that after he left the island the natives formed a plan for delivering themselves from their troublesome guests; and, so effectually did they succeed, that they destroyed every Frenchman and burnt Fort Dauphin to the ground.

The news of Flacourt's misfortune reached France, and the Company, being unconscious of the greater disaster at Madagascar, appointed Chamargou to succeed him. He arrived in 1660, and only then learned the fate of the colony. He, however, set about rebuilding the fort, and, having received considerable reinforcements, began to explore the country. The party sent on this expedition was commanded by Le Vacher, who went by the name of La Case. He was a man of great courage and prudence, and by his address obtained for the French a degree of reputation they never before enjoyed. But the ill treatment he received from Chamargou, who

saw with mean jealousy the estimation in which he was held by the natives, induced him to quit the fort in disgust, and he soon after married Dian Nong, the daughter of Dian Rossitate, chief of the province of Amboule, who, approving of the match and being old, in a little time ceded to La Case the whole of the district. His valour and good conduct obtained for him the name of Dian Pouss, after that of one of their most celebrated chiefs. The withdrawal of La Case from Fort Dauphin was the signal for revolt on the part of the chiefs, who entered into a combination to starve the garrison by cutting off their supplies. The effects were soon felt, and they were reduced to the last extremity of distress, when a French ship fortunately arrived and relieved them. As soon as the real state of the case was made known to the captain, he remonstrated with Chamargou on the folly of being at variance with La Case, and threatened, if an amicable arrangement was not immediately made, he should feel it his duty to represent the affair to Marshal Meilleray, who at that period possessed great influence in France. This menace had the desired effect, and a reconciliation took place between La Case and Chamargou, which was followed by a peace with the chiefs; and the usual supplies were obtained for the garrison. This peace, however, lasted little longer than the stay of La Case at the fort. On his return to Amboule, Chamargou began to levy contributions in the province of Anossi, while the priests attached to the colony made an attempt to convert some of the chiefs to the Catholic faith. They began by commanding them to repudiate all their wives, but one, although the custom of polygamy was general throughout the island. Dian Manangue, a powerful chief, who was attached to the French, having refused to accede to this arrangement, Father Stephen, the superior of the mission, threatened him with the old Popish doctrines of fire and sword, and actually assaulted the offending chief and pronounced the sentences of excommunication upon him. This conduct so incensed him that he instantly ordered the whole party, consisting of seven priests and a few attendants, to be massacred: he then declared interminable war against the French. Forty of these, being ignorant of the transactions with Father Stephen, were surprised, and only one escaped to the fort to tell the fate of his companions. Upon this, Chamargou ravaged the whole country, and spared neither age nor sex, which, in its turn, reflected upon the garrison—for a famine succeeded, and they were again driven to the last extremity, when La Case came to their relief; and having overcome the hostile chiefs, supplied the French with provisions. Such was the valuable nature of his services on this and other occasions, that

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the East India Company saw the policy of keeping terms with him; they sent him a lieutenant's commission, he continued to serve the colony during his life, and was their principal safeguard against the hostile chiefs.

Chamargou was, in 1667, removed from the governorship by the Marquess of Mondevergue, who arrived at Fort Dauphin with a convoy of ten vessels, having on board two directors, an attorney-general, four companies of infantry, ten chiefs of colonies, eight merchants, and thirty-two women. The marquess, who was appointed governor-general of all the French settlements south of the line, appears to have acted with great moderation; and, during his stay, peace was maintained with but little interruption. In 1670, the French government assumed the sovereignty of the island, and a fleet of ten more ships arrived, under the command of M. de la Huye, who was appointed viceroy. On his arrival, Mondevergue chose the alternative offered to him, of returning to France, where he fell a sacrifice to his enemies, La Huye having secretly impeached him to the court: he was never brought to trial, but died a prisoner in the Castle of Saumur.

La Huye seems fully to have adopted the spirit which prevailed amongst the colonists of former ages, when it was thought impossible to do good by conciliation, and that an enemy could only be trusted when dead. Having now nearly a thousand troops on the island, he determined to get rid of those chiefs who were hostile, comprising a large majority of them; but treachery on the part of Chamargou, who commanded a body of troops, and who envied La Huye his power, occasioned a defeat. Upon this, La Huye left the island in disgust, and taking a large part of the forces, retired to Surat. La Case died shortly after, which completed the misfortunes of the French. Their yoke had long been insupportably heavy to the natives, and fresh combinations were formed against them, which, about the year 1675 came to a head; when a general massacre of the French took place, with the exception of a few who escaped to a ship lying in the harbour. Thus was Madagascar once more free from a foreign yoke.

(To be continued.)

Domestic Hints.

ELDER WINE.

This fruit is excellently calculated for the production of wine. Its juice contains a considerable portion of the fermentative matter which is so essential for the production of a vigorous fermentation, and its beautiful colour communicates to the wine a rich tint; but, as the fruit is deficient in saccharine matter, this substance must be liberally supplied. This wine is much ameliorated by

adding to the elderberry juice a small portion of super-tartrate of potash. Dr. Macculloch observes, "that the proportion of this salt may vary from one to four, and even six per cent." The cause of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the super-tartrate of potash is again deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent will be found a sufficient dose, in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of this salt, and *vice versa*. The dose of it ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as it increases.

To every two quarts of bruised berries, put one quart of water; strain the juice through a hair sieve, and add to every quart of the diluted juice one pound of lump sugar. Boil the mixture for about one quarter of an hour, and suffer it to ferment.

Or, bruise a bushel of picked elder-berries; dilute the mass with ten gallons of water, and having boiled it for a few minutes, strain off the juice, and squeeze out the husks. Measure the whole quantity of the juice, and to every quart put three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; and, whilst still warm, add to it half a pint of yeast, and fill up the cask with some of the reserved liquor.

When the wine is clear, it may be drawn off from the lees, (which will be in about three months,) and bottled for use.

For flavouring the wine, ginger, allspice, or any other aromatic substance, may be used; the flavouring materials may be inclosed in a bag, and suspended in the cask, and removed when the desired flavour is produced.—*Accum, on Wine Making.*

[We do not quote this as the most economical receipt for making elder wine, since unrefined sugar is generally used, which reduces the cost. But, it is reasonable to conclude that, by Mr. Accum's mode, may be produced a more perfect wine than by the common method. At all risks, the hint is in season.]

The Naturalist.

LARGE CEDAR-TREE,

In "the Palace Garden," Enfield.

IN some account of the manor-house of Enfield, Middlesex, at page 129 of *The Mirror*, vol. xiv., we incidentally noticed this stupendous cedar. The mansion was one of the palaces of Queen Elizabeth, and this record is upon more substantial authority than that upon which many other mansions near London are stated to have been occupied by her Majesty.

This cedar was planted by Dr. Uvedale, who, about the year 1670, took the palace premises for a school. The Doctor was much



(Large Cedar-Tree, in the Palace Garden, Enfield.)

attached to the study of botany, and had a very curious garden here. In an account of the most remarkable gardens near London in 1691, written by J. Gibson, and printed in the twelfth volume of the *Archæologia*, Dr. Uvedale is said to have had "the greatest and choicest collection of exotics that was perhaps any where in this land."

The dimensions of this tree were given thus in a letter from Sir John Cullum to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1779: height, 45 ft. 9 in., eight feet having been broken off by a high wind; girth at the top, 3 ft. 7 in.; second girth, 7 ft. 9 in.; third girth, 10 feet; fourth girth, (supposed near the ground,) 14 ft. 6 in. These dimensions were taken by Mr. Lilley, a schoolmaster at Enfield, at the desire of Mr. Gough. An account of this cedar was also printed in 1788, in four pages folio. The loss of the leading branch is attributed to the memorable high wind in 1703. In 1809, the girth at 3 ft. 10 in. from the ground, (it could not be taken at three feet, in consequence of a seat having been fixed round it,) was 13 ft. 1 in. The northern branch was 49 ft. 10 in. in length; the southern, 44 ft. 9 in. The distance from the extreme of each branch, 98 ft. 9 in. This information was communicated by the Rev. H. Porter, rector of Enfield to the Rev. Mr. Lysons, for his *Environs of London*, 1811. In 1820, the girth of this fine tree was 16 ft. at 1 ft. 6 in. from the ground.

The cedar at Enfield is the famed Lebanon species, distinguished by its strong, spreading branches, from all other trees of the same genus. The general character of the shoot, even when the tree is young, is singularly bold and picturesque, and quite peculiar to the species. This tree is supposed to have been introduced into England in 1683. The

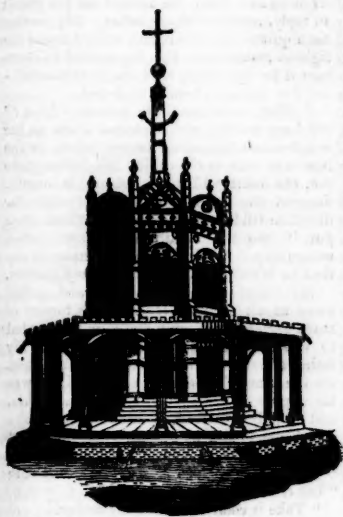
specimen at Enfield is far from the largest in this country. A cedar at Hendon Place, which was destroyed by a hurricane in 1729, was 70 feet high, and the greatest circumference of the trunk was 20 feet. The gardener is stated to have cleared from 15*l.* to 50*l.* a-year by sale of the cones. The pair of cedars in Chelsea Gardens must be known to most Londoners. The cedars at Whitton Place, planted in 1724, by Archibald, third duke of Argyle, have flourished exceedingly; so that rooms have been wainscotted with their timber.

In the park of Juniper Hall, in the valley between the village of Mickleham and Box Hill, Surrey, are several fine cedars, whose sombre, spreading branches have been one of the delights of many a morning and eventide walk in the halcyon days of our boyhood; and these trees form, we believe, one of the finest groups of cedars in England.

Fine Arts.

NORWICH CROSS.

Few places in Great Britain are richer in architectural antiquities than the city of Norwich. Time has not, however, spared the curious structure represented in the annexed Cut. It was the market-cross, and appears to have been a useful as well as embellished structure. Its form was octagonal, and within were apartments appropriated to the transaction of public business. Its enrichments were not of the most picturesque character, but, altogether, with the clustered columns of its portico, and the pinnacles and ornaments of the upper portion, it must have been an edifice of no mean pretensions to architectural distinction.



(Norwich Cross.)

The Public Journals.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

(By the Author of *Peter Simple*.)

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;

And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

GENTLE reader, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh, and rapid-flowing river. It was in a floating sort of box, called a lighter, and upon the river Thames, and at low water, that I first smelt the mud. This lighter was manned (an expression amounting to bulliam, if not construed *kind-ly*) by my father, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me dutifully to describe my parents. First, then, I will portray my queen mother. Report says, that when first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter figure and a lighter step never pressed a plank; but as far as I can tax my recollection, she was always a fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin; never quitted the lighter—a pair of shoes may have lasted her for five years, for the wear and tear that she took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, as all married women ought to be, she was always to be found when wanted; but although always at

hand, she was not always on her feet. Towards the close of the day, she laid down upon her bed—a wise precaution when a person can no longer stand. The fact was, that my honoured mother, although her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequently seduced by liquor; and, although constant to my father, was debauched and to be found in bed with that insidious assailer of female uprightness—gin. The lighter, which might have been compared to another garden of Eden, of which my mother was the Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, was entered by this serpent who tempted her; and if she did not eat, she drank, which was even worse. At first, indeed, and I mention it to prove how the enemy always gains admittance under a specious form, she drank it only to keep the cold out of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere from the surrounding water appeared to warrant. My father took his pipe for the same reason; but at the time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, from morning to night, because habit had rendered it almost necessary to their existence. The pipe was always to his lips, the glass incessantly to hers. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated into their stomachs;—but I have said enough of my mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter as well as any body; but he could do more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher.

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, "*It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped.*" When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him; the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, "*Take it coolly;*" but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been fol-

lowed. Another favourite expression of my father, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was "*Better luck next time.*" These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read; but although he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his purposes, and which might be considered as an artificial memory. "I can't write nor read, Jacob," he would say, "I wish I could; but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you." But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen *x* or *z* representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the measles, and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor; my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was no where to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the vital spark was extinct; and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that, as my father said, "he was of no use to nobody." The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and

as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was no where to be found.

"Why, what can have become of Joe?" cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. "Why, you don't mean to say that he is overboard?" screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she was finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," and proceeded to refill the bowl.

"Can't be helped!" cried my mother; "but it might have been helped."

"Take it coolly," replied my father.

"Take it coolly!" replied my mother, in a rage—"take it coolly! Yes, you're for taking every thing coolly: I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly."

"You would be taking it coolly, at all events," replied my imperturbable father.

"O dear! O dear!" cried my poor mother; "two poor children, and lost them both!"

"Better luck next time," rejoined my father; "so, Sall, say no more about it."

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a teacup-full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other's arms. With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob: as for my mother being churched, she had never been to church in

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her life. I cannot recall much of my infancy: but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint, and that my mother used to point it out to me as "so pretty," to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange, but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended the nature of trees and houses; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide; for what I lacked in strength, I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always in the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed, her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was, therefore, a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that "gin wasn't good for little boys." But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when

between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer's evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *à fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard, and in all probability had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1s. per lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I laid down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly

past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupefied at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong empyreumatic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called "Mother," but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother." I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity: it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body, completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.—*Metropolitan*.

Potes of a Reader.

THE YOUNG GREEK'S RETURN.

(From *Demetrius*, by *Agness Strickland*.)
Now Demetrius gained the branching road
That led to princely Castriot's proud abode,
Whose polished columns might be plainly seen
Through the long vistas of embowering green;
Yet not on these Demetrius cast a look,
But the lone path beside the river took;

That dear familiar path, which oft his feet
Had to the olive-grove at evening beat,
In days of rapture past for ever by.
When life's gay morn was fresh, and hope was high;
And now again he treads it, there appears
Naught to proclaim the interval of years,
Or all the change and chances he has proved
Since the last time amidst these scenes he roved.
The river still, from its unfilling source,
Pursues the even current of its course;
From the same spots the self-same willows dip
Their pendant branches, as if bowed to sip
The crystal waters, which in shining tide
Beneath their trembling shadows softly glide.
Nay, in their wonted nooks, the very flowers,
Remembered even from his boyish hours,
From spring to spring still rear their silvery heads
In placid beauty from their watery beds.
The air is breathing its accustomed balm;
The heavens are still as lovely, blue, and calm;
And were it not that now the dewy sod
Bears not a vestige that a foot has trod
For years its verdure, he might deem all past
Since he pursued that grass-grown pathway last,
And gazed in musing silence on that stream,
Was but a vivid and eventful dream.

But now, once more he breathes the soft perfume
Of those bright roses that profusely bloom
In fair Ismena's garden, and entwine
Around her latticed porch with jessamine
And clasping tendrils of the clustered vine.
His hand is resting on the wicket-latch
Where he so oft has paused, a look to snatch
Of the loved inmate, ere he dare intrude
On the enchantment of her solitude.
E'en now he pauses, and his eager eye
Dwells on some object with intensity—
That form, whose drooping head support has found
Against a pillar, wreathed with roses round,
O'er which, and mingling with the blossoms there,
Float the rich tresses of her ebony hair.
In glossy ringlets waving, unconfined,
In playful dalliance with the summer wind,
Should be his own beloved one; though her face
Is shaded with her hand, the touching grace
That marks her attitude, the forehead fair,
The dark luxuriant locks, the pensive air,
Denote Ismena; and but sometimes she,
Across the lute that rests upon her knee,
Her half-unconscious hand at moments flings
And to uncertain music wakes the strings—
And that he felt her presence in his heart—
He could have deemed that Praxiteles' art
Had, in his happiest mood, a figure made
Of Contemplation musing in the shade,
Which had from common gaze been hidden there
For countless ages, as a relic fair.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Nothing is more remarkable in the present age of mental excitement than the care with which, by most of the prevalent customs and a system of fashionable education, the minds of the generality of females are consigned to inactivity and utter uncompanionable insipidity. Whilst the expression of almost every elevated feeling is repressed as inconsistent with refinement, every artificial want, every habit of selfish gratification, is as much as possible indulged. Active exercise in the open air, cheerful country walks, a joyful participation of the hearty pleasures of any society in which every movement is not taught by the posture-master, or conversation conducted according to the rules laid down in books professing to teach female duty and behaviour;—all this would be inconsistent

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with the general aim of all classes to imitate the manners and habits of the highest. All kind of reading, except of works the most frivolous, is considered ungentle, or, at least, singular; and any display of deep and unsophisticated sentiment excites universal pity. The beauties of nature, the triumphs of science, the miracles of art, excite no more than a languid expression of wonder. To apply the mind to read or understand such things would destroy the apathetic elegance which those desire to preserve, who still believe knowledge to be a very good thing for persons who live by it. With as much care as the natural proportions of the female figure are destroyed by stays made upon abstract principles, is the mind cribbed and cabined by custom and fashion. Then, universal ambition leads to universal difficulties as to fortune; and the only serious duty to daughters is to obtain an advantageous settlement, which, whether gained or missed, is too often thus the cause of careless discontent, injured health, and all the nervous maladies incidental to an ill-managed mind and infirm body.

Barely equal to sustain a life of indolence, from which all strong and all noble emotions are shut out, the slighter pains and disappointments of life induce suffering in the frivolous and morbid mind; and any serious contradiction, any check to indulgence, any appeal of duty against pleasure, produces discontent, agitation of the nervous system, tears, low spirits, bewailings, the vapours, or a hysteric fit. The tendency to the latter exhibition of feelings injured or irritated, is found to be partly under the control of the will, or is at least often yielded to as the shortest way of putting an end to the disagreeable opposition of parents or a husband. Youth gives place to middle age, and middle age leads on to declining years, and, the mind having no resources to retreat upon, the frivolity of early life is too frequently exchanged for a feverish devotion and a chronic hysteric sensibility. Vainly hoping to obtain from various stimulants that feeling of health which no stimulants can bestow, so long as good atmospheric air is not breathed, and the voluntary muscles are not exercised, the invalid sinks by slow degrees into all the selfish inactivity of a confirmed valetudinarian; and in these cases the double grievance of hypochondriasis and hysteria is often incurred by the same individual, and seems to furnish an excuse for the neglect of every duty requiring the smallest exertion of body and mind.

If any hope could be entertained that declamation against follies so notorious and hurtful would be rewarded by success, or that advice given to counteract them would be listened to, we would say to the parents of the present day,—“Let your first care be

to give your little girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately *finished*, in the modern acceptance of the term.” The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.

In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take *no medicine* except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

When a system quite opposite to this is

pursued, what is the consequence? A blooming girl, just on the verge of womanhood, begins to wither and decay. Her complexion fades, her spirits desert her, she becomes hysterical, she cannot walk, or ride, or hold herself upright. The physician is consulted; he advises what we have advised; but the cure is entrusted to other hands. The young lady is removed to London, and placed under some one who professes to cure deformities of the spine, as if the feeble bend, which probably does exist, were the cause of all the bad health, and not, as well as the hysterical feelings, the result of a foolish system of physical education. And now for many months the young patient passes the precious morning hours in rooms crowded with other victims, and in an atmosphere no better than that respired by the factory girls; and, as substitutes for all the natural exercises which she ought to be taking in the country,—instead of playing with ball and battledore, instead of riding, walking, running races, jumping, swinging, and other vulgar but healthful diversions,—she is instructed how to climb ropes, or to get to the top of a pole; she is indoctrinated in the mystery of throwing summersets over a bar; or applied to the rubbing and scrubbing of tables; or drilled by calisthenic arts to emulate the mystic motions of a telegraph: and all this time, mental education is suspended as a matter of course.

We do sincerely believe, that if parents could be convinced that by their endeavours to produce an excessive and mistaken refinement, a refinement which, confined to looks, and words, and motions, and attitudes, does not imply the greater refinement of mind from which all the rest would spring, they are only laying the foundations of suffering, and would determine to follow entirely opposite rules, there would be as few instances of spinal disorder, and as few hysterical and nervous complaints in the upper classes of society, or in families in comfortable circumstances as to fortune, as there are in those in which the luxuries of life (very erroneously so called) cannot be procured, or the indulgence of superfluities allowed. Many a young woman now doomed to peevishness, pale sickness, disappointed hopes, or matrimonial discontent, would become a cheerful, active, happy person, and if married, a contented wife, a healthy mother, and a blessing to her husband and her children.

The chance of freedom from all nervous complaints, including some of the most dreadful mental visitations, is increased by every rational means of increasing individual happiness; by that great blessing, a contented mind; by a calm dependence on a benevolent and all-wise Creator; by a freedom from all mean forms of ambition—as for establishment, equipage, and restless gaiety;

by a love of home-duties, country scenery, and useful occupations; by a reasonable acquaintance with some of the sciences; by a taste for the arts, and for the improving pleasures of elegant literature, and the society of the virtuous and well-informed. The divine, the philosopher, and the physician speak the same language. The dictates of reason and of duty are sufficiently plain, and few are blind to them; and they are the dictates of health, bodily and mental; but so opposed to them are the dictates of fashion, and the habits of what is called *the world*, in a country too much given to the worship of gold, that of all who profess to acknowledge their truth, the greater number are still ever found

"To see the best, and yet the worst pursue."

Foreign Quarterly Review.

Spirit of Discovery.

LANDER'S NIGER EXPEDITION.

[We abridge from the *Kelso Chronicle*, the following interesting account of Lander's Second Expedition, given in the above journal, as "from the letter of an officer of the party."]

Fernando Po, His Majesty's ship, *Curlew*, May 12.

Mr. Lander arrived here some days ago from the Nun, or Niger. I had been there in the *Curlew* only a week before, when they had received no intelligence of the expedition for five months.

It appears the large steam-boat, the *Quorra*, after a passage of three months, only reached the river Tchadda, or rather within six miles of it, when she was thrown by the strength of the stream (or by bad steerage) upon a bank, where she remained for three months, with about three fathoms water close to her. This delayed the expedition, for the little steamer, the *Alburka*, was obliged to attend her consort for fear of accidents. Mr. Lander left them about three or four weeks ago, in order to get a supply of medicines, tea, &c. Curious enough, the medical man who went up the river was an inexperienced practitioner, and neglected to take up a proper quantity of stores; the consequence has been, that, after getting into the Nun (having lost about six men before), twenty white men died of fever and dysentery, and amongst the number the doctor himself (Dr. Briggs), and all the officers excepting Mr. Laird, Mr. Lander, Lieut. Allan, and the Captain of the little steamer. There are now living on board the two boats only fourteen whites. They luckily took plenty of blacks with them (Kroomen), twenty in one boat and fifteen in the other, who are all alive. The success of a future expedition is now certain, if properly conducted, for the only opposition Lander has met with was between the mouth of the river

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and a place about half-way to Eboe, and three days and a half from the sea. At this place the boats, on going ashore to wood, were fired upon by the natives; and although every means was used for conciliation, the steamers were obliged to fire their guns, and eventually to burn the town. This happened on their way up. The chief of the place has now joined nine others, and they have determined upon preventing the return of the Expedition. These chiefs live within ten miles of each other, and although they have large canoes, they can do nothing against a steamer: they have been urged on by the English palm-oil captains and captains of slavers, who have been doing everything to thwart the views of the Expedition. Lander met King Boy at Eboe (whom you may recollect as the person who, on a former occasion, ransomed the two brothers and brought them down to Brass), and his Majesty gave him a passage down in his war canoe, and has promised to take him up again. * * * * The country was quite healthy where the steam-boats were lying, and they had plenty of provisions. Bullocks cost only 8s., and weighed 2 cwt., and fowls about 1d. Lander says the victualling of about thirty persons amounted to about 1s. 6d. a-day, including yams, rice, &c. They have not succeeded well in trade, having procured only about five tons of ivory: this was owing to their not having good interpreters, and to their not being far enough up the river. Had the large steamer not grounded, they would have been up to Boosa. Owing to the strong current against them, their fuel only lasted two days, and it took them ten to complete it again. Lander's complaint is dysentery, which is now nearly subdued; he came down here from the mouth of the Nun in an open boat (for change of climate), and luckily had not a drop of rain the whole passage, for three days. One tornado must have killed him, and we had a severe one the day before he arrived, and the day after. He has obtained several good interpreters here, good disciplined lads, who have been well drilled by Colonel Nicholls.

[From the *Literary Gazette* of August 31, we learn that, "on the 18th of May, Mr. Lander left Fernando Po, in a native canoe, as before, in order to rejoin his companions."]

The Gatherer.

Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on "the Misery of Man," tells us that all our endeavours after greatness, proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, "which is a view we cannot bear." I.

Virtue, like the loadstone, can only communicate its properties to susceptible natures.

Catullus saying to Philip, the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief."

Fabia Dollabella, a Roman lady, saying she was only thirty years of age, Cicero answered, "It must be true, for I have heard it these twenty years."

Battle Song.

Unfinished.—Original.

Presented to a friend who joined the liberating army under Don Pedro, before its descent on Oporto.

Awake! a Lusitanian band
In freedom tread their native strand,
Above, they wave their battle brand

Hurra!

Arise! and let the red grape grow,
Let children trail its tendrils—go!
A redder stream shall overflow

Dismay!

Come forth,—the tyrant's festal bowl,
Crimsons the streams that darkly roll,
Each drop has drained a freeman's soul,

Beware!

To arms! shall Lusitania sleep?
The British sea-birds on the deep,
The Polish eagle's on the steep,

Prepare!

But hush! let fall the bended knee,—
We dedicate this brand to thee
Our God—our Queen—and Liberty

The three!

Behold! a sign is in the air,
A red hand waves a war torch there,
Lisboa's turrets drink the glare

See, see!

INNES.

De la Croix relates the following almost incredible instance of sagacity in a cat, which, even under the receiver of an air-pump, discovered the means of escaping a death which appeared to all present inevitable: "I once saw," says he, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air again into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as

* Several of these noble patriots joined Don Pedro, among them a nephew of Skrynsiecki.

before. All the spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting in her place another that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit the cruel experiment."

A Club Bet.—Walpole, in one of his letters dated Sept. 1, 1750, says "they have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

"The Spirit."—The following sensible observations by Mr. Hayley, in his *Life of Cowper*, are peculiarly applicable to some recent "manifestations." "So wonderfully and fearfully are we made, that man perhaps in all conditions ought to pray that he may never be led to think of spiritual concerns either too little or too much, since human misery is often seen to arise equally from an utter neglect of religious duties, and from a wild extravagance of devotion."

Musical Men.—Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured when flattered, and the worst tempered at all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to soothe the senses when used in moderation, but the continual employment of either flurries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world, peevish, irritable, and violent.—*Madden.*

Ancestry.—Lord Chesterfield placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope, and Eve de Stanhope: the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman: *Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!* Old Craggs was one day getting into a coach with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, when he turned about, and said, "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?" —*Walpole.*

The Gordons trace their name no farther back than the days of Alexander the Great, from Gordonia, a city of Macedon, which, they say, once formed part of Alexander's dominions; and, from thence, no doubt, the clan must have come!

Lending Money.—Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen, had lent an unlucky brother money until he was tired out; but the borrower renewed his application, and promised security. The bishop consented to the loan; "but, where is your surety," said he; when the poor fellow replied: "God Almighty is

my bondsman in providence. He is the only security I have to offer." So singular a reply of a despairing man smote the feelings of the bishop; and he thus replied: "It is the first time, certainly, that such a surety was ever offered to me; and since it is so, take the money, and may Almighty God, your bondsman, see that it does you good."

Extinction of Fires.—Hydrogen gas had been procured by burning coal, sealed up with clay, in tobacco pipes, and on this small scale exhibited in a state of combustion, by way of experiment, for many years before it came into practical use as a substitute for lamp-oil. A parlour fire is much sooner put out by throwing on it any kind of effervescing mixture, charged with carbonic acid gas, than by the same quantity of water. It is true that we could not put out a church in flames by emptying a bottle of soda water upon it; but neither could our streets have been lighted up with tobacco pipes. A heap of chalk shot down into the interior of a house on fire, or otherwise conveyed into any of its apartments, and a carboy or two of vitriol smashed over it, might produce enough of this gas so to damp the ardour of the flames as to give more time for the rescue of property. A cheap kind of soda water, manufactured from chalk or marble dust, and sulphuric acid (diluted), might be pumped upon houses on fire out of engines lined with lead. Copper cylinders of large size, containing a solution of common soda or potash, into which seven or eight volumes of gas have been pumped, might be made to jet their contents spontaneously upon houses in flames. By these, or other better considered measures, carbonic acid gas might, perhaps be employed to arrest the progress of the devouring element, and prevent its spread.—*Lancet.*

Pithy Appeal.—Swift having to preach a charity sermon to which he had little goodwill, from the opinion he had formed of his audience, said nothing of the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told them that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he, that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then merely read the text: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,"—and added, "if you approve of your security, down with your money." With this he sent round the plate for collection.—*Picken's Tales.*

Erratum.—Drummond of Hawthornden was not, as we stated at page 113, "the friend of Shakespeare." We were misinformed in this particular by Chambers's Picture of Scotland.

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